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FEBRUARY 1923

O. HENRY—FROM HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, BY V. M. VAN DER WEYDE

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SPECIAL O. HENRY NUMBER

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and the New York Symphony Orchestra
WALTER DAMROSCH, *Conductor*

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THE MENTOR, published monthly, on the first of the month, by The Crowell Publishing Company at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Subscription, $4.00 a year in the United States and Canada; foreign postage, 50 cents extra. Single copies, 35 cents. February, 1923, Serial No. 240. Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Springfield, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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The True Cry or Masonic Word of a Donkey-Driver

has lost its power: "I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belaboring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

"To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex."—From *Travels with a Donkey.*

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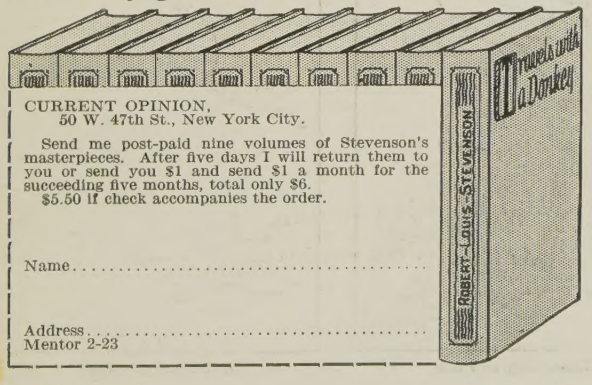

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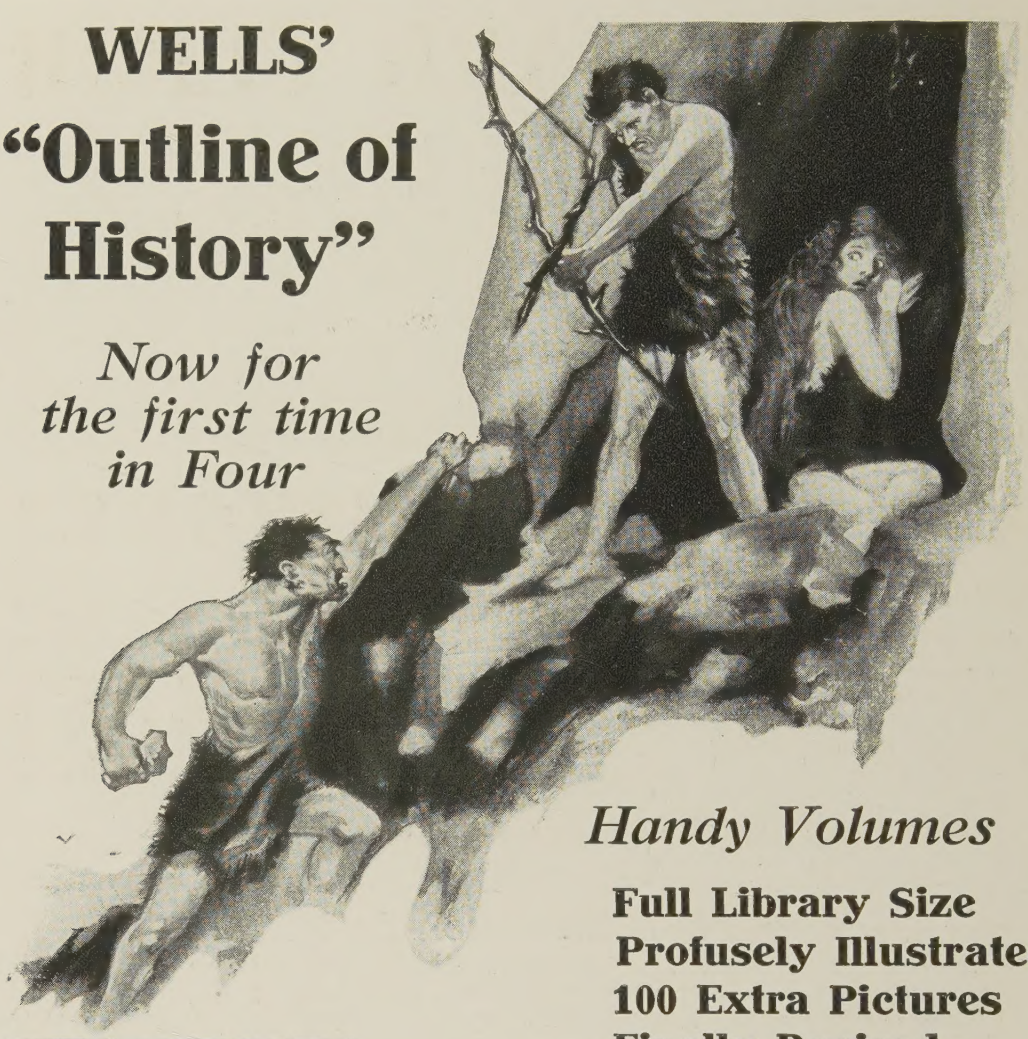

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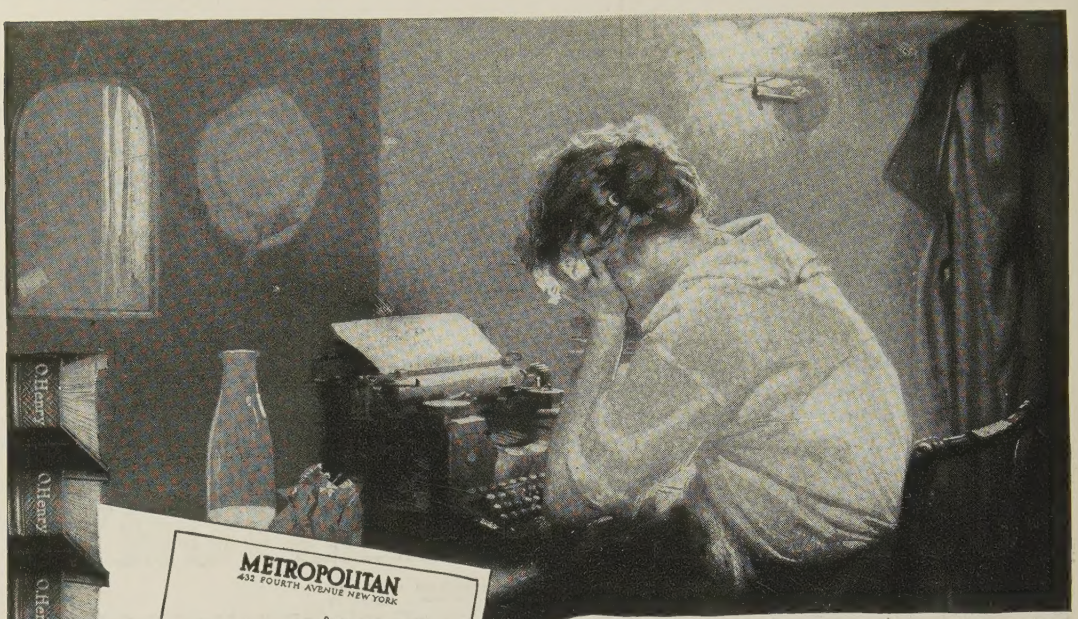

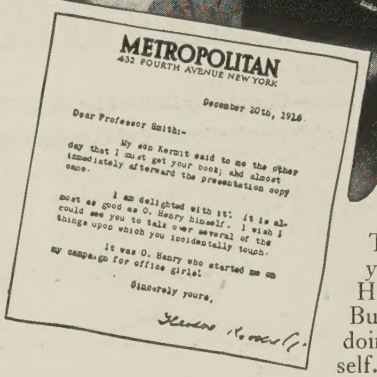

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Dear Professor Smith:-

My son Kermit said to me the other day that I must get your book; and almost immediately afterward the presentation copy came.

I am delighted with it: it is almost as good as O. Henry himself. I wish I could see you to talk over several of the things upon which you incidentally touch.

It was O. Henry who started me on my campaign for office girls!

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

"It was O. Henry who started me on my campaign for the office girls." —*Theodore Roosevelt.*

The girl got $6 a week and was lonely. "Piggy"—you can imagine his kind—was waiting downstairs. He knew where champagne and music could be had. But that night she didn't go. That was Lord Kitchener's doing. But another night? Finish this story for yourself. You will find it in the wonderful books of—

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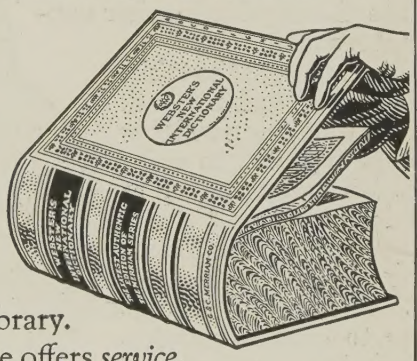
WHO was Mother Bunch? Millboy of the Slashes?
Are these "six men" serving you too? Give them an opportunity by placing



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Both Are Embarrassed— Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he preceded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. Indeed, can there be any discomfort greater than that of not knowing what to do at the right time — of not being sure of one's manners? It is so easy for people to misjudge us.

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only *absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong* that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship, is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.

Do *you* know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

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With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your knowledge of *what is right* under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected no matter where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

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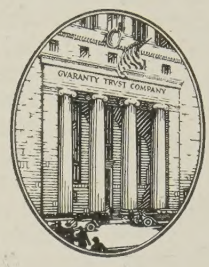

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HOURS WITH O. HENRY

INTIMATE IMPRESSIONS OF THE MASTER SHORT-STORY GENIUS; HOW HE LIVED; HOW HE LOOKED; HOW HE WANDERED; AND HOW HE WROTE

WILLIAM SYDNEY PORTER (O. HENRY)—1862-1910

"He gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his genius to humanity." *Dedication by C. Alphonso Smith, biographer and lifelong friend of O. Henry*

FRIENDS *and family have helped to make this number of The Mentor. Here we have the O. Henry that they knew—the real O. Henry—whom some of them called "Will Porter." They give us here a true, sympathetic picture of the simple, lovable character of O. Henry, and a just and worthy tribute to his original and unique qualities as a writer.*

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

Photo by W. M. Van der Weyde

O. HENRY, THE GENIUS OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY

O Henry lived nine years in New York, little known to the public at large. During that time he wrote about 250 short stories. and with the years there came to him success, acceptance, and fame—and then, when at the very crest of the wave, he died. Since his death his fame has grown greater with every year. "The laurel wreath that should have crowned his brow became a garland laid upon his grave—and now the whole English-speaking world recognizes him as one of the great masters of modern fiction."—*Stephen Leacock*

The MENTOR

Vol. 11
No. 1

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FEBRUARY, 1923

O. HENRY—THE MAN AND HIS WORK

BY HIS LIFELONG FRIEND
C. ALPHONSO SMITH
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.
Author of the authorized "Life of O. Henry"

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

O. HENRY AT HIS WRITING TABLE
A photograph taken some time during his last years

O. Henry's last words, spoken with a smile, were, "I don't want to go home in the dark." Could he return to us he would find that he did not go home in the dark, but that an increasing radiance shines about his name and fame. He is read to-day not only in English but also in French, Spanish, German, Swedish, Dano-Norwegian, and Japanese. "I'm not a critic," a woman said to me in Brooklyn recently, "and know nothing about the technique of the short story. But I do know that, whenever I feel low-spirited, O. Henry is my best restorative." She is typical, I think, of O. Henry's large and increasing clientele of readers. They not only read him but come more and more under the spell of his genial and companionable nature. The entertainer has become both friend and comrade. The best loved author in English literature is probably Oliver Goldsmith or Charles Lamb. In American literature the choice would lie, I think, between Washington Irving and O. Henry.

It is too soon to speak with any claim to finality about O. Henry's place in American literature, but certain phases of his work are beginning already to loom up as salient and distinctive. He is, for example, the only writer in English or American literature who won his place solely by the writing of short stories. Irving soon passed from the story to history and biography; Hawthorne "found himself famous" only after he began his wider career as a novelist; Poe was a critic, short-story writer, and poet; Bret Harte is our greatest parodist, but it is impossible—thinks his latest biographer—to say whether he will make "his appeal to posterity mainly as a poet or prose

writer;" Henry James attained his most characteristic expression in the novel; Stevenson and Kipling would be secure in their immortality if they had never written a short story. In singleness of impression, therefore, as well as in bulk, O. Henry's two hundred and fifty short stories represent the most significant effort yet made by an English-speaking writer to win and hold a place in letters not by that loose thing known as the story that is short, but by that artistic triumph known as the "short story."

O. Henry is also the only short-story writer known to us whose workshop contained no rejected manuscripts. Some of his stories were widely traveled, he tells us, but they all landed at last. "My first story," he said, "was paid for, but I never saw it in print." This was "The Miracle of Lava Cañon," which was accepted by the McClure Company on December 2, 1897, and marked for "publication September 18, 1898." From this date to the appearance of his last story, "Let Me Feel Your Pulse," published shortly after his death, *every story* submitted to a publisher was sooner or later accepted. This unique record is a testimonial to the faith that O. Henry kept with his art. "Write to please yourself," he once gave as the only rule, and from this high standard he never swerved. The story must be as good as he could make it before he was willing for the public to see it.

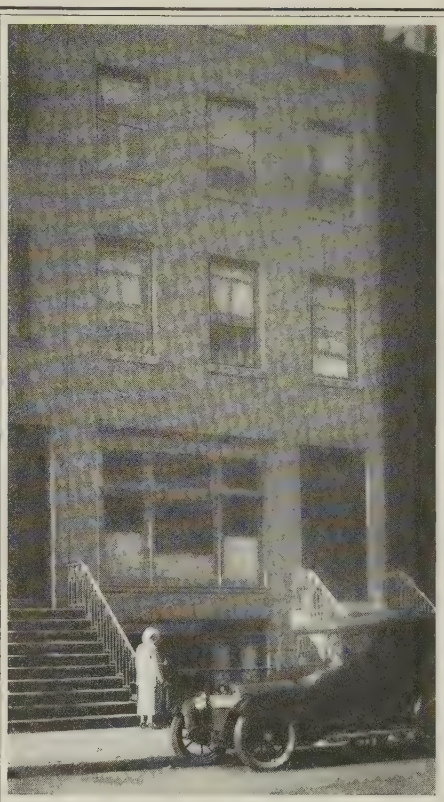
It will help us to appraise O. Henry's art if we remember that he did not

Keystone View Co.

FOR SEVERAL YEARS O. HENRY LIVED ON IRVING PLACE

The house is the one at the extreme right, and O. Henry occupied the front room where the large window is. This picture shows the house as it looked when O. Henry lived there. He liked the situation and its surroundings, and he did not overlook the literary interest of that part of town, for he wrote to a friend once that he was living "a few doors from old Wash. Irving's house." The Washington Irving house is the one on the near corner, with the awning over the iron balcony

find himself in the short story at once. Even after he had won national recognition by the publication of "The Four Million" in 1906, he felt the call of other types and of other talents. In the last conversation that I had with him, in New York, in February, 1908, he talked glowingly of a drama upon which he was engaged, and spoke wearedly about the demands made upon him by the publishers to whom he had promised short stories before they were completely written. "Sometimes there will come a telephone message about two o'clock in the morning," he remarked, "saying, 'We must have the rest of that story to-day.' I ask them to read me the last paragraph of the first instalment so that I can know just where to start." I told him that I didn't believe a word of this, that his stories were so notable for their unity as to prove a continuousness in the creative process, even if the story were not all written at once. But he continued to proclaim the superiority of the drama. The drama that he had in mind, however, was not a new creation. It was a reshaping of his short story "The World and the Door," in which he believed that he had hit upon a great truth, viz., "that every human soul has this tendency toward respectability, that it is greater than love;" nobody, thought O. Henry, should be classed as permanently down and out. In boyhood days it was not the drama or the short story that drew him; it was the cartoonist's art. To our way of thinking, no such youthful genius in pen or pencil sketch had yet appeared. Later on, he tried his hand as editor of *The Rolling Stone* in Austin, Texas, and as reporter on *The Houston Post*. After his establishment in New York he felt the lure not only of the drama but also of poetry, the musical comedy, and the autobiographical novel. But all these diversions, though they lessened the number of short stories that he might have written, contributed indirectly to the excellence of those that he did write; they flowed *from* his art at first, but returned later in deepened volume *to* it. Nothing helps a man more to do what he can do than to know what he can't do.



FIFTY-FIVE IRVING PLACE

O. Henry occupied the parlor floor with a window as large as a store front. Behind these window panes he would sit for hours watching the world go by on the street, noting men and women with penetrating eyes. The window has been altered since O. Henry's time. This is the way it looks to-day

The first impression that the reader of O. Henry gets is one of originality. O. Henry was a voice, not an echo. He has been compared with many

THE SCENE OF THE HALBERDIER

This is "Old Munich," as O. Henry called it, a big hall with smoky rafters, rows of steins, portrait of Goethe, and verses on the walls. This picturesque "Beer Cathedral"—on Third Avenue, New York—formed the background for one of O. Henry's best stories, "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss"

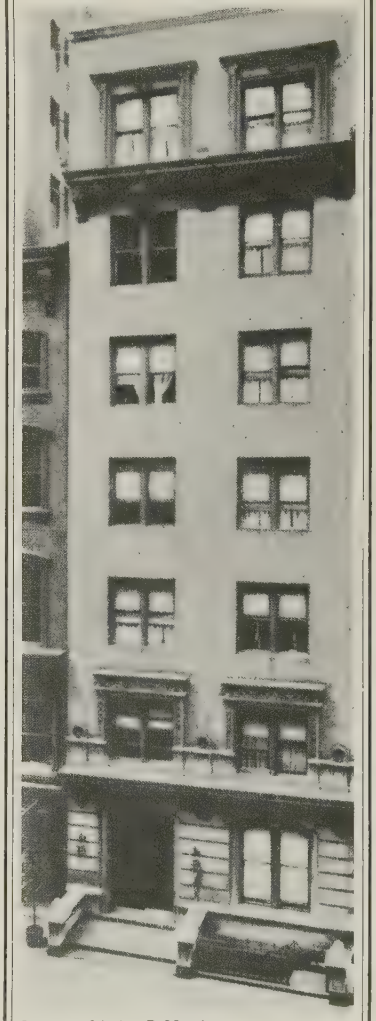
writers, American and foreign, but no one has called him an imitator of anyone else. The O. Henry touch is altogether distinctive in narrative art. He had read much, thought much, and suffered much before he became famous. But every discipline had developed him centrally rather than marginally. If you were thrown with him often you would have observed in him a great equality rather than a steep superiority. I have never known a nature so widely receptive as his, but at the same time so eagerly but quietly reactive. His reactions, however, were not those of criticism or rejection. They partook more of the nature of an instinctive human interest, of a wide and liberal understanding, of a keen but sympathetic determination to see life just as you saw it. The critical judgment must wait. Talk with him five minutes and he could reproduce you to a button in a pencil sketch, and probably reveal some central trait in you unknown even to yourself. There would certainly be something amusing about you, though no one else may ever have discovered it before.

His originality, therefore, is not the originality of novel things but of old things probed a little more deeply. He took old themes—love, habit, the voiceless part of our population, the humor and pathos of daily life, the West versus the East, the South versus the North, the romance and unexpectedness of the commonplace, the things that you and I have in common—and gave them a new meaning, a new interest, a new appeal. Even his literary allusions are of the old-fashioned sort. Though he was saturated with magazine literature and newspaper happenings, the books that had left the deepest impress upon him were the Bible, Shakespeare, Tennyson, and the Arabian Nights. To the Bible he makes his largest number of references, sixty-three; to Shakespeare, thirty-four; to Tennyson, twenty-one; to the Arabian Nights, fourteen. These were familiar to him from childhood, and his use of them indicates anew the quality of his originality. Instead of exploiting the new, he reinterpreted the old.

Much has been written about O. Henry's humor as shown in his calculated misquotations, his inverted phrasing, his verbal coruscations. But O. Henry's humor is only incidentally a thing of words and phrases. You may omit these and O. Henry would still be a great humorist. Had these been

essential, his stories could never have survived translation, for translation shears away remorselessly all that is merely verbal. No, O. Henry's characters are not humorous because they say funny things. They *say funny things because they are humorous*. O. Henry's humor has been acclaimed by a world of grateful readers because, like the humor of Shakespeare and Molière and Cervantes, it rises naturally and spontaneously from the situations in which his characters are placed. The situations become themselves creative; they belong to the elemental nature of comedy. They are matrix rather than copy, and the humor is born rather than made. Review the situations in "The Handbook of Hymen," "A Cosmopolite in a Café," "The Brief Début of Tildy," "A Lickpenny Lover," "Two Renegades," "The Gift of the Magi," "The Cop and the Anthem," "Makes the Whole World Kin," "The Lady Higher Up," "The Pendulum," "The Making of a New Yorker." In each of these the stage is set by a master. There is subtle thought, even profound thought, not so much in the working out of the plots as in the selection and fore-staging of such humorous situations as make the plots work themselves out. Humor is released rather than manufactured. It plays hide-and-seek with pathos in many of these stories, and not infrequently both humor and pathos come before the footlights hand in hand to receive the plaudits of an audience that finds it hard to say which is which.

A special distinction of O. Henry's humor is that it is not harsh, or cynical, or derisive. It is humane because it is fundamentally human. It is associative rather than separative in its effect. As soon as you read one of his stories you want to read it aloud to others. But you do not have to pick your audience for fear that feelings will be hurt. Rich or poor, educated or illiterate, employer or employee, black or white, man or woman—all will find their common heritage of humanity reached and enriched. Much of the stage humor of to-day, certainly that of the school of Wilde and Shaw, derives most of its sparkle from what has been called "the neat reversal of middle-class conceptions." There is no such reversal in O. Henry. Instead of pitting class against class, he reveals class to class and



Courtesy of Arthur B. Maurice

HIS LAST NEW YORK HOME

The Caledonia apartment house on West 26th Street. From his apartment in this building O. Henry made his last move to the Polyclinic Hospital, where he died, June 5, 1910

section to section. He seems to say: "You think the other fellow is funny. Well, you are just as funny as he is."

With his originality and humor must be considered his Americanism. He never visited England or the Continent. But he knew his own country; and his journeyings in Central America, South America, and Mexico gave him just the angle of contrast that was needed to enable him to run the boundary line sharply between what was American and what was not. If we omit the stories of New York and Texas, which include one hundred and seventy titles, there are left twenty additional states represented by O. Henry's backgrounds. If he had not visited all of these and studied their regional differentials at first hand, he had at least heard intimately about them. He knew them accurately enough to make both plot and characters fit naturally and revealingly into each setting that he chose.

But Americanism is not a matter of geography. It is a spirit, a mood, a temperament, an attitude toward men and things, a way of looking at life, of expressing life, and of achieving life. Foreigners detect it more readily than we do. Thus Hugh Walpole, writing in the *London Daily Mail*, declares that American literature has at last become "independent;" and he hails O. Henry as "the true father of this new American literature."

It is impossible to corral Americanism in the confines of a scientific definition, but one element of O. Henry's Americanism emerges in a report that came from the battlefields of France. "As a trench companion," so ran a soldier's comment, "O. Henry cannot be surpassed. He is brief, he is witty, he is deliciously human. Without meaning to, apparently, he teaches a philosophy of cheerful acceptance of 'The Things That Are To Be'." Add to this his instinctive aversion to indecency in every form; recall, too, his exacting idealism which made him say almost with his latest breath, "I want to get at something bigger. What I have done is child's play to what I can do, to what I know it is in me to do"—and you have the American, the artist, and the man in one.

THE HARBOR OF HUMAN DRIFTWOOD—NIGHT TENANTS OF MADISON SQUARE

For such unfortunates O. Henry's hand was always out. He mingled with them and gave freely in charity to them. And from them he learned many of the significant things in human nature that he has disclosed to us in his stories

HENRY O. BOY AND MAN

How he lived, how he looked, and how he worked

BY ARTHUR B. MAURICE

FORMER EDITOR OF "THE BOOKMAN," AUTHOR OF "NEW YORK OF THE NOVELISTS," ETC.

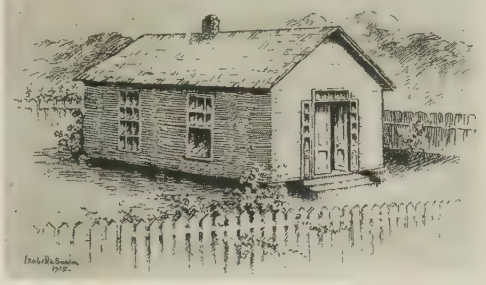
We laughed and dozed, then roused and read again
And vowed O. Henry funniest of men.
He always worked a triple-hinged surprise
To end the scene and make one rub his eyes.
VACHEL LINDSAY

O. HENRY AT ABOUT 25 YEARS OF AGE
From a photograph taken during his years in Texas

He was christened William Sydney Porter; in spirit he was always O. Henry—even long before the pen name was invented. In considering his life to-day, almost thirteen years after he passed on, the shadow of the whimsical pseudonym seems to be over every adventure. We think of him as O. Henry when he was the tousled-headed boy playing Indian in his native Greensboro, North Carolina; when he was in school working his "sum" with one hand and making sketches of his teacher, "Miss Lina," with the other; when he was clerk in his uncle's drug store; when he was ranchman in Texas; when he was in Houston as a reporter for the *Daily Post;* when he was in Austin as occasional clerk in a tobacco store, bookkeeper for a real estate firm, draftsman in the General Land Office, and paying and receiving teller in a bank; when he was in Central America hobnobbing impartially with local magnate and beach comber—just as we know the O. Henry of the later years, when he was picturing the heart of the "Big City of Razzle-Dazzle," his "City of Too Many Caliphs," his "Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway."

Let us touch the high lights of that panoramic career—that forty-eight years of life so varied in action, so rich in achievement. He came of good sound stock, his mother's people having settled in North Carolina years before the Revolutionary War. O. Henry's father was Dr. Algernon Sydney Porter, who has been described as at one time "the best known and best beloved physician in Guilford County." O. Henry once summed up his early years with amazing brevity as follows: "I was born and raised in No'th Ca'lina, and at eighteen went west and ran wild on the prairie." Yet, lightly as he dismissed Greensboro in this utterance, he never forgot the debt that he owed to the "somnolent little Southern town."

O. Henry's mother died when he was three years old, and, as his father had become absorbed in the fever of invention, the strongest molding influ-



WHERE O. HENRY LEARNED THE THREE "R'S"

The little school on West Market Street, Greensboro, N. C., where O. Henry was taught by his aunt, Miss Lina Porter. The building, long since removed, stood in the yard of the Porter homestead. This picture was drawn by Miss Isabella Swaim, a classmate of O. Henry's

ence of his impressionable years was his aunt, Miss Evelina Maria Porter, generally known as "Miss Lina," the teacher of a private school. Under her direction O. Henry acquired his elementary education. That ended when he was fifteen. Then he went to work as a clerk in his uncle's drug store, where he served customers, mixed prescriptions, and, between times, told stories and made caricatures. For five years he bore the drug-store grind with patience and fortitude.

Then came the hour of release, the first embarkation on his ship of adventure, which was to carry him far on the seas of life. In the company of Dr. and Mrs. Hall of Greensboro, O. Henry went to Texas, to the home of one of their sons, Jesse Lee, better known as "Red" Hall, who owned a ranch in La Salle County. A colorful man was "Red" Hall, already a Texas ranger of note, and later to become an army officer in the war with Spain. For some time O. Henry stuck to the ranch, learning to lasso cattle, to shear sheep, to ride and care for a horse, and to acquire the art of cooking. What was more important to posterity, he found there a new world, with a thousand contrasting types.

But O. Henry was always looking with eager curiosity for "what's around the corner;" so after two years he jumped the ranch and ran down to Austin, the capital of Texas; then to Houston, where, as a reporter, he had his first opportunity to put his itch for writing to practical use. Then he returned to Austin, and to a variety of occupations that enabled him to acquire a wide knowledge of life at first hand. The O. Henry stories tell us how much of that first-hand knowledge went into their making. To recall at random: the author of "The Love Philtre of Ikey Schonenstein" and "A Ramble in Aphasia" must at some time have been a drug clerk; the author

MISS LINA PORTER

O. Henry's aunt, who was also his teacher

Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

PORTER DRUG STORE IN O. HENRY'S TIME
A caricature sketch made by O. Henry while he was a clerk in his uncle's store

of "Georgia's Ruling" must have worked in a land office; the author of "Friends in San Rosario" must have had practical experience in Western banks.

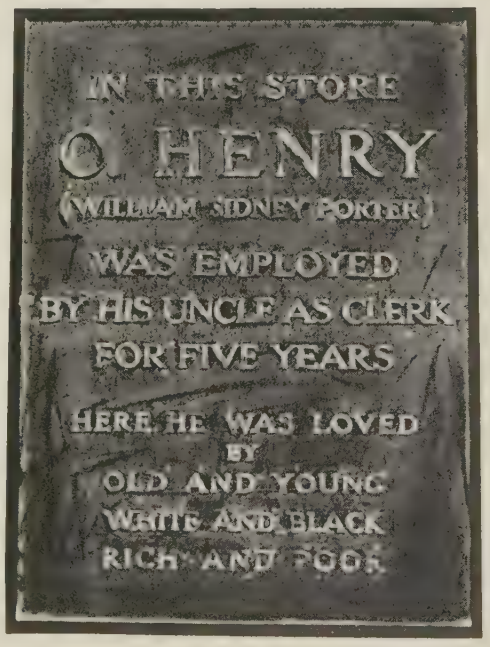
For two years in Austin he worked as bookkeeper for the real-estate firm of Maddox Brothers and Anderson at a salary of one hundred dollars a month; then, for four years, from January, 1887, to January, 1891, he was in the General Land Office. In the meantime he had married. It was an elopement, and the girl was Athol Estes, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. G. P. Roach. There was no parental objection to the bridegroom—but the girl was young and her health was delicate. Once married, however, parental forgiveness and blessing were quickly won, and Mr. and Mrs. Roach were ever after O. Henry's stanch friends. The years immediately following marriage were the happiest in O. Henry's life. The work and environment of the General Land Office were pleasant; in leisure hours he was writing odds and ends and disposing of them here and there for small sums that helped eke out the family income; and, to cap the climax and fill to the brim the cup of content, there was born to him a daughter, Margaret Worth Porter.

The General Land Office position was a political one; and, in 1891, O. Henry's friends were squeezed out, so he turned over his desk to a successor, and entered the First National Bank of Austin as paying and receiving teller. There he remained for four years and then resigned to go into journalism. He had fun for a while with a humorous weekly known as *The Rolling Stone*, which appeared on April 28, 1894, and disappeared on April 27, 1895. "*The Rolling Stone*," O. Henry said: "rolled for about a year and then showed unmistakable signs of getting mossy. Moss and I were never friends, so I said good-by to it."

Though his publication failed, O. Henry was henceforth committed to his pen for his livelihood. For six precarious months he picked up what he could by humorous contributions to any paper that showed a disposition to pay promptly. In June, 1895, he had made up his mind to go to Washington, and was on the eve of departure when his young wife, who had been born to an

THE O. HENRY DRUG STORE, GREENSBORO, N. C., AS IT IS TO-DAY

Reproduced from a photograph made especially for this number of The Mentor



O. HENRY TABLET

Set in the wall on the side of the building in which the O. Henry drug store is located

inheritance of consumption, became ill. The sky brightened temporarily when he obtained a regular position on the *Houston Daily Post*. There, as a columnist, he began with "Tales of the Town," which was changed to "Some Postscripts and Pencilings," and later to "Some Postscripts." His first column in the *Daily Post* appeared on October 18, 1895; his last on June 22, 1896.

For many months thereafter the life of O. Henry was one of drifting. The veil drawn back shows him on the deck of a fruit steamer bound for Honduras. Let the reader recall "The Shamrock and the Palm." It pictures him basking in the sunshine of Trujillo. Let the reader recall the Coralio of those splendid tales that make up "Cabbages and Kings," and the figures of Beelzebub Blythe, and Frank Goodwin, and "Billy" Keog, and Willard Geddie. Drifting! One day at

Trujillo O. Henry was standing on the wharf when he saw a tattered dress suit, with a man in it, coming from a fruit steamer that had just arrived. Though O. Henry did not then know it, the dress-suit stranger was Al Jennings, the train robber. "Why did you leave so suddenly," asked O. Henry by the way of conversation. "Maybe for the same reason that you did," was the reply. "What is your destination?" continued O. Henry. "I left the States to keep away from my destination," said Jennings dryly. "I'm just drifting. How about you?" "I can't drift," said O. Henry; "I'm anchored."

But the anchor that held O. Henry was loosened by the tugging of heart-strings. Along about Christmas time a box sent by his wife reached him. It contained some clothing and delicacies—packed by loving hands that were now fast wasting away. It was through blurred eyes that he gazed that day on the waving palms and the blue sky of Trujillo. The homing instinct took hold of him, and he went back to Austin. Then followed tender, sad days when he brooded over his wife and watched the flame of her fragile life grow dimmer hour by hour, until she passed away.

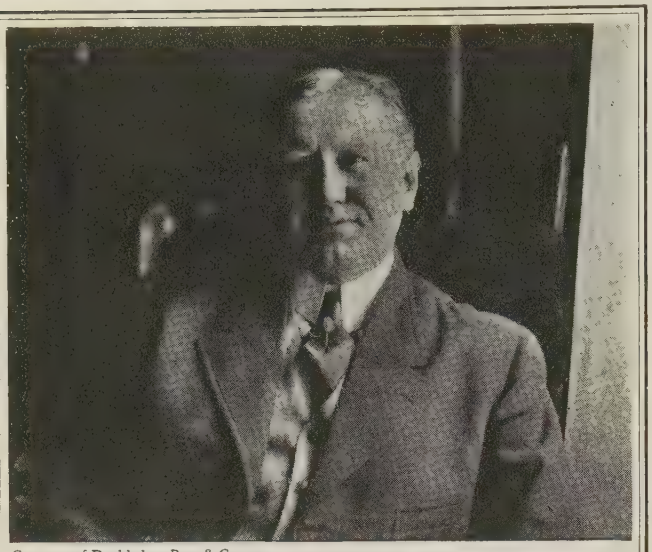
After that came shadowed years—dark years, in which the soul of William Sydney Porter absorbed the most somber and searing lessons of humanity. Those long days and nights of suffering under a charge that was never truly substantiated moved him, not to bitterness, but to a broader tenderness and sympathy, and brought him forever into a keener and closer touch with the unfortunate ones in the battle of life.

THE HILL CITY QUARTET

Will Porter was a good bass singer long before the world knew him as O. Henry. Shortly after arriving in Texas he became a member of the Hill City Quartet of Austin. Porter is seated in the center. The others are C. E. Hillyer, R. H. Edmondson, and H. H. Long

⁂ ⁂ ⁂

Where one happens to be born is a mere matter of chance. The city or town of one's adoption is another matter, and it was in the spring of 1902 that O. Henry came to New York, to take from it and give to it richly. During the late summer and autumn of 1901 he had been in Pitts-



Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.

HIS LAUGHTER WAS SILENT

Sometimes the softest of chuckles would reveal him ruddy with suppressed mirth. Often it was the result of some trick or joke of his own invention

burgh. From there he had been sending his stories on to the big city; these stories had been accepted and their unusual quality recognized; and one day the call came, not in the form of a definite contract, but in a friendly message that held out a promise that was fulfilled. So, on he moved from Pittsburgh, and crossing the North River by the ferry—it was before the days of tubes and subways—he spent his first night in the "City of Chameleon Changes" in a hotel near the ferry house. Two days later a card bearing the name of William Sydney Porter was presented at the office of the magazine that had sent him the encouraging invitation. The name "Porter" was an unfamiliar one, for the editors had only thought of him as O. Henry. In such manner he came to meet one of his "discoverers," Mr. Richard Duffy, then editor of *Ainslee's*. After that the name of O. Henry soon came to be well known to the readers of that magazine and many others.

After brief stays in various lodgings, he settled in two rooms of an old brownstone house, Number 55, on Irving Place between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets. The front room looked down upon the pavement; and from his window he could study the passing types. Also within walking distance, requiring not too much exertion, were Union Square and Madison Square, the two parks that were to mean so much to so many of his tales, and such individual structures as the saloon of "The Lost Blend," the Hotel America of "The Gold that Glittered," and the beer hall of "The Halberdier of the Little Rheinschloss." During the rest of his days he occasionally ventured for a time from New York. In the great city he moved about in the spirit that had animated Haroun-al-Raschid "in his golden prime"—every twenty-four hours bringing to him its romance and mystery.

This is the period of O. Henry's life that, more than any other, calls for personal anecdote. It was very shortly after his name appeared in magazine pages that he made his first writing contract, which was to the effect that he should write for a New York newspaper a story a week, for which he was to be paid $100 a week. Further stipulation called for the delivery of the manu-

script on a certain day of the week. O. Henry was a ferocious worker—how otherwise could he have written those two hundred and fifty-odd stories of the first order in the brief eight or nine years of his lifetime in New York?—but he was also given to procrastination. So, when the day came and there was no story, the managing editor of the newspaper would dispatch a messenger to Irving Place with an inquiry. O. Henry's reply would be: "Just writing it. Please send me $50 by bearer." After a few rash compliances with this request the editor learned his lesson and came to realize the necessity of maintaining a hard heart. "No money till part of the story is here," would be the return message. Then O. Henry with a sigh—and no story at all in mind—would sit down and write an introduction that could fairly be considered as a delivery of part of the tale, so that he could collect his advance payment. It is for just that reason that some of O. Henry's introductions have little or nothing to do with the stories with which they are linked.

The days soon came that, to a thrifty person, would have meant prosperity and security against the future. When he had arrived in New York that $100 a story had seemed a far-off goal. His earlier tales had sold for $40, then for $60, and then for $75 apiece. They were not all signed "O. Henry" when they appeared in the magazines. He was so prolific that two or three pseudonyms were needed to fit the requirements of the table of contents of a single magazine. But gradually the name of O. Henry began to take on an augmented value. His price rose steadily. Editors were offering him $300, $500, and occasionally even $1,000, for a tale. But always the money slipped through those easy, generous hands. It was not extravagance or self-indulgence; simply the checks came, were cashed—and the money disappeared.

There were other residences of O. Henry in New York besides the one on Irving Place, though that is likely to remain most closely associated with his memory. Before going to Irving Place he had lived for a brief time in a room in West Twenty-fourth Street, and then in a room in East Twenty-fourth Street. After leaving Irving Place he went to a house next door to the rectory of Trinity Chapel in West Twenty-fifth Street, and then to the Caledonia in West Twenty-sixth Street, and, for a time, he had rooms at the Hotel Chelsea on West Twenty-third Street. Never did he venture far from the Heart of New Arabia, which he held to be the region

THE O. HENRY HOTEL, GREENSBORO, N. C.
O. Henry's native town is now a thriving city of 35,000. O. Henry's memory is treasured there, and the fine hotel that bears his name is an imposing memorial. It was opened July 2, 1919, with a dedication by Prof. C. Alphonso Smith

about Madison Square. Once only he was persuaded to walk as far uptown as Seventy-second Street and Riverside Drive, when he stopped, and asked with an injured air if he had "not yet passed Peekskill." And yet, though passionately loving New York, he left it occasionally for periods. "Because," as he said, "New York gets into my veins so strongly that I have to go away from it sometimes when I want to work. For the same reason, I venture, that a man who is deeply in love with a woman can't think of anything but that woman when he is anywhere near her."

It was during one of his stays in Asheville that O. Henry married his second wife, Miss Sallie Coleman, who had been a boyhood sweetheart. That was in November, 1907. Soon after, he returned to New York, and soon thereafter the shadow of ill health descended upon him. The six months from October, 1909, to April, 1910, were spent in the mountains of North Carolina, but, possibly feeling that the end was near at hand, his heart turned him back to the city of his adoption. Little Old Bagdad-on-the-Subway called him. April passed, and May—which in one of his tales was the "Marry Month of May"—and then June, with its roses, was ushered in. On June 3d, he collapsed after sending a telephone message to a friend, and was taken to the Polyclinic Hospital in East Thirty-fourth Street. There two days later, just before sunrise on Sunday morning, he died. His very last words were whimsical, in allusion to a song then highly popular: "Turn up the lights," he murmured; "I don't want to go home in the dark."

THE GRAVE OF O. HENRY, ASHEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA
The figure in black in the center of the group is O. Henry's widow, Mrs. Sallie Coleman Porter

MY O. HENRY

Memories of the author, written specially for The Mentor by his daughter, Margaret Porter Cesare

Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

MARGARET PORTER

This photograph of O. Henry's daughter is printed by special permission of Mrs. Cesare and W. M. Van der Weyde, the photographer

When first I met him he was not O. Henry—just Bill Porter. My mother accomplished the introduction. His first remark was an aside to her: "Do you believe she'll ever develop an intelligent, human expression?" He laughed when he said it, and although it was *at* instead of *with*, his laughter held no sting. It never did.

It is a matter of record that the object of comment made no intelligible reply, but, as if in retaliation, almost immediately began to develop into a miniature likeness of himself—and so he was not heard to repeat the question.

This incident is history and, to me, a matter of hearsay rather than memory, but my impressions and memories of my father began at such an early age that I half hesitate to set them down lest they prove too great a tax on your credulity.

From the sunshade rod of my carriage, just beyond reach, was suspended a big silver bubble—ornament from a Christmas tree. It was tantalizing, and I could not accomplish much with a two-word vocabulary. One of the four grown-ups, always in attendance, understood and put it within reach. From that moment he and I were friends—friends of few words and great understanding.

We were inseparable playmates and companions until my eighth year and the death of my mother. After that we were much apart, meeting, after long intervals, during summer vacations. On these occasions we would just begin to emerge from an ever-increasing reserve that seemed to beset us both, and begin to be companions again when the time would come to pack off to school.

But the early days were untinged with the quite natural reserve of maturity. "Uncle Remus" was a strong bond between us. These stories were read and read until he would find himself prompted for the slightest deviation from the text. It was his delight to test the drowsiness of his audience by opening both volumes and reading straight across the four pages. If he crossed the second page undetected he knew that he was free for the evening.

Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

MARGARET PORTER
"He always called me 'Bill,' 'Jim,' or 'Pete'—seldom 'Margaret'"

Another popular means of entertainment was drumming the rhythm of a melody with the finger tips against the wooden headboard of the bed, we guessing the tune in turn. Frequently he found himself receiving too enthusiastic applause when he desired to be relieved by Morpheus. On such occasions he was forced to resort to trickery. Usually one of his thumbs was grasped tightly against such contingency. When this grip became slack from conquering sleep he found that it was sometimes safe to substitute, for thumb, the nose of a carnival mask—and then *exit.*

Throughout the mesh of early memories runs a silver thread of laughter. He seemed to be always highly amused by something. Almost always his laughter was silent. Sitting on his knee I would feel him shaking, and look around to find him breathless with laughter. Sometimes the softest of chuckles would reveal him ruddy with suppressed mirth. Usually, I was the object of his amusement; often it was the result of some joke or trick of his own invention.

The intimate and perfect understanding of early days continued, though less often expressed; for I had inherited the reserve that later was so remarked a part of his personality. This characteristic has been explained and analyzed in various ways. A popular conception is that it was shyness. That I do not accept as the true interpretation. It was, rather, the outward manifestation of a passionate desire to be wholly and only himself. Against the intrusion of more aggressive personalities an invisible barrier was erected. It was a polite "No Trespassing" sign. Sometimes the barrier took the form of words—a barrage of sound protecting the innermost silences of self. When asked once what he thought of the hereafter he replied lightly:

"I had a little dog and his name was Rover,
And when he died he died all over."

A polite way of saying—nothing. But from the incident of quoting a nursery rhyme he had attributed to him views on immortality. Views he may have had. But it was not like him to divulge them. It is not given to such natures to be prodigal of self or soul.

Latter years are as crowded with memories as were the years of my child-

hood. But the relationship was never that of father and daughter; rather that of two good friends, for never did he give a command, and never did I fail to follow his advice or to try to fulfill his expressed wish.

There are memories of moments when he seemed miraculously freed from the hovering shadow of ill health that clouded the last few years. I have known him to sit at the piano and strum the accompaniment to a gay darky song, singing in dialect, with only me as audience. The intrusion of another personality would precipitate a hollow silence. In one of these lighter moods he brought a mandolin and a guitar home. He had taught me guitar accompaniments, so we spent many an hour reviving half-forgotten tunes.

But upon the lightness of such moods a shadow would descend and he would be plunged into silence, black silences, the portent of which he alone could know; for, although there is understanding, it is not humanly possible to accompany one of these dark journeyings.

Toward the close of the last year, spent in seeking health in southern mountains, he had been particularly gay during dinner one evening, and afterward had entertained the household with impersonations of well-known people. From the elevation of the first landing of the stairs in the great living-room he called out celebrities: "Buffalo Bill!" His make-up for this was the index finger of one hand held across his upper lip, the forefinger of the other meeting it at right angles, bisecting his chin. Down the list he went. Never was his mood lighter. Then, suddenly, someone entered or left the room, attention was momentarily taken from him, and when it returned again he was not there. I found him sitting in the far corner of the dark porch overlooking the mountains. There was no moon and the night was black. I felt that it was no less dark than the sudden depression that had seized him. A strong wind blew steadily from the mountains. The night seemed filled with premonition. I felt that he sensed it too. I could not—and knew that he would not have me—speak. I sat on the steps near him. After a long time, still without words, we got up and went into the house together.

Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

TAKEN IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT

He was leaning back in a rocking chair, reading a newspaper, when Mr. Van der Weyde made this picture. O. Henry seemed a little embarrassed and smiled wistfully when he was caught

Through the riotous

carnival of colors of the autumn woods we had many a long tramp, each with a gun, which we shot, somehow, only at inanimate targets, though troops of rabbits scurried through the dry leaves, and squirrels were busy storing away nuts. It was almost as though he felt that life was too precious a thing to steal from any creature. He had never joined in any of the so-called sports that involve killing.

It was late winter when I met him coming in at dusk from a tramp, alone, with something held in his gun-free hand. It was a dead bird, warm and limp. His expression was rueful, and his laugh short and not quite steady as he said that he had aimed at a cornstalk and killed a songbird. We were near the house. He stooped quickly, made a hollow in the moist earth, laid the bird on a bed of leaves, covered it with earth and leaves. To the other member of the household who joined us he replied that he had had "a fine walk." But I knew that the joy of the day, for him, was buried beneath the leaves at his feet.

Not long after that he returned to New York. For a few short minutes on the day of his departure we found ourselves unexpectedly alone. "Bill," he began—he had always called me "Bill," "Jim," or "Pete," seldom "Margaret"—"Bill, . . ." It was an attempt to put into words all the unspoken things of the past. In it I sensed his realization of the futility of attempting to express the emotions that crowd the moment of parting. Also I felt, as I believe he did, that this parting was going to be different from all the others. Words are such impotent things in the face of parting. "I have seen," I managed to tell him, "—and understood." There flashed across his face an expression of inestimable relief and one of his rare smiles.

We did not meet again.

But there are priceless etchings of memory: gentle, generous, gallant; a wonderful playmate, a rare companion—and a friend. The perfect friend.

Photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde

AN EARLY MORNING HOUR IN BADGAD-ON-THE-SUBWAY

The mists of the Hudson River unveiling the city of wonders where O. Henry's wanderings were wrought into vital human stories

GLIMPSES OF O. HENRY LAND

DAY AND NIGHT SCENES IN THE NEW YORK THAT O. HENRY KNEW—HIS "LITTLE OLD BAGDAD-ON-THE-SUBWAY"; HIS "CITY OF TOO MANY CALIPHS"; HIS "BIG TOWN OF RAZZLE-DAZZLE"—PHOTOGRAPHED SPECIALLY FOR THE MENTOR BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE, ARTIST AND FRIEND OF THE WRITER; AND ACCOMPANIED BY DESCRIPTIVE CAPTIONS SELECTED FROM O. HENRY'S STORIES

CITY HALL AND PARK

Here is the original source of the Subways that flow through O. Henry's Bagdad; it was just in front of the City Hall steps that Mayor Van Wyck, in 1900, spaded up the first bit of earth to start the first Subway

"*In the glare of the Great White Way O. Henry's finest work was done—inimitable, unsurpassable stories. Written offhand with the bold carelessness of the pen that only genius dare use, but revealing behind them such a glow of the imagination and such a depth of understanding of the human heart as only genius can make manifest.*

"*Never did Haroun-al-Raschid, wandering in the narrow streets of the Arabian city, meet such varied adventure as lies before us, strolling hand in hand with O. Henry in the New Bagdad that he reveals.*" STEPHEN LEACOCK.

THE VERY HEART OF O. HENRY LAND

This view is taken from a spot almost opposite the home, in Irving Place, in which O. Henry lived for a long time. This short street is happily described as follows; "Irving Place . . . runs north for six blocks to perish against the iron pailings that line the southerly side of Gramercy Park." *Waifs and Strays*

OLD HOMES OF GRAMERCY PARK

Gramercy Park is a private square where several of the severe mansions of O. Henry's aristocrats are to be found. As he tells us: "The Von der Ruyslings live in that little square about which so much has been said and in which so little has been done. The Von der Ruyslings received *the first key ever made to Gramercy Park.*" *The Discounters of Money*

THE SQUARE OF GEORGE THE VERACIOUS

Union Square breathes the very atmosphere of O. Henry Romance. The story "The Gold that Glittered" began at the spot "where Broadway skirts the corner of the Square presided over by George the Veracious." . . . When Stuffy Pete went to the Square to meet the old gentleman in black on Thanksgiving Day, as he had done for nine years successively, he "took his seat on the third bench to the right as you enter Union Square from the east, at the walk opposite the fountain." *Two Thanksgiving Day Gentlemen*

WHERE LATIN-AMERICAN NOTABLES FOREGATHERED

"Come with me," said O. Henry, "I will show you the real place. You may find the Señors, the Capitans, the Majors, the Colonels. But if you would sit with the Generalissimos, the Imperators, the truly exalted who hail from Central and South American countries, accept my guiding hand." So we turned into Fifteenth Street and found, on the south side, a short distance east of Fourth Avenue, the Hotel America, with its clientele of gesticulating Latins, who, if not planning revolution, had all the outward appearance of arch-conspirators

THE LOWER EAST SIDE

"The push carts and trash heaps on the lower east side . . . ragged, scurrying youngsters in the streets . . . tangle-haired, bare-footed, unwashed children"—and, in August, "kids on fire-escapes with their tongues out trying to get a bit of fresh air that hasn't been fried on both sides." *The Social Triangle*

DOWN BY THE BOWERY MISSION

"What are you going to do?" asked a friend. "I'm going to persuade a hobo to give me $300," answered O. Henry. "On a bet?" asked his friend. "Not at all," replied O. Henry. "That's the price of a story and I'm going to rub up against some tramps down on the Bowery until one of them suggests the plot to me." O. Henry would stroll along in the Bowery or adjacent streets until he fell in with the particular tramp who seemed most promising as copy. *Waifs and Strays*

THE LURE OF THE "CITY OF TOO MANY CALIPHS"

"The electric lights of Broadway were glowing—calling moths from miles, from leagues, from hundreds of leagues out of darkness around to come in and attend the singeing school. Manhattan, the night-blooming cereus, was beginning to unfold its dead-white, heavy-odored petals." *An Unfinished Story*

WHERE THE FLATIRON SPLITS THE STREETS

'The Flatiron Building, with its impious, cloud-piercing architecture looming mistily on the opposite delta." *The Fifth Wheel*

THE GREAT BIG CITY OF RAZZLE-DAZZLE

"Have you seen Broadway at night? There are few streets in the world that can compare with it—when the electrics are shining and the pavements are alive with two hurrying streams of elegantly clothed men and beautiful women." *The Pride of the Cities*

A BIT OF OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE

The Greenwich Village section of the city appealed strongly to O. Henry's imagination. He liked to picture the old zigzag streets and to people them with the artists of his creation. Somewhere down here in the crowded streets of Greenwich Village the self-reliant Hettie lived and furnished the beef for the Irish stew as related in "The Third Ingredient." There, too—in the red brick district was the scene of the story of "The Furnished Room"

THE WALL WHERE "THE LAST LEAF" LINGERED

"Between the front houses, Nos. 10 and 12 Grove Street, there is an opening. Beyond the opening is a triangle, and at the back are three old brick houses, the front windows of which look out diagonally at a wall against which leaves are growing. 'There is a story there,' said O. Henry, 'a story that suggests an episode in Murger's 'Vie de Bohême,' where the grisette at night waters the flowers to keep them alive.' He wrote that story surely in 'The Last Leaf.' The bare, dreary yard, and the blank wall of the house and the little flower garden recall the pathetic tale of Sue and Joanna and the vine that old Behrman painted on the wall to save Sue's life and at the cost of his own"

THE SUICIDE OF A STREET—The street car, in the picture, is just entering the tunnel where Fourth Avenue ends. Above the tunnel Park Avenue begins

"The career of Fourth Avenue is brief. At Fourteenth Street it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theaters, then it passes the Square of George the Veracious, and comes to the silent and terrible mountains, buildings square as forts, high as clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. Next it glides into a mediaeval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to antiques. This mediaeval solitude forbodes an early death, which takes place in the presence of the Park Avenue and Vanderbilt Hotels. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen. Tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth Street and is never seen again." *Waifs and Strays*

GEORGE WASHINGTON GUARDING HIS OLD SQUARE

"The old square that is a cemetery of crumbled glory." *The Defeat of the City*

DIANA'S LITTLE WOODED PARK

"After dinner they walked down Broadway and came upon Diana's little wooded park." . . . "On the tower an artificial Diana, gilded, heroic, poised, wind-ruled, shimmered in the clear light of her namesake in the sky." *The Buyer from Cactus City*, and *Voice of the City*

PARK BENCHERS DOING TIME

"Sitting there, Vallance leaned far back on the hard bench . . . . then arose one from a seat near the leaping fountain, and came and sat himself at Vallance's side. He begged a match, which is the form of introduction among park benchers, and then began the talk." *The Shocks of Doom*

CLOCK TOWER OF MADISON SQUARE

"It was a night late in the year; too late to linger long in the Park." Mr. Pilkins left the Square, "the hour hand of the clock being about eight; the air was stingingly cool, but not at the freezing point." *The Discounters of Money*

THE CRUCIBLE

This short poem was found on O. Henry's desk after his death. Nothing that he ever wrote is more truly or tenderly autobiographic

C. ALPHONSO SMITH

HARD ye may be in the tumult,
Red to your battle hilts,
Blow give for blow in the foray,
Cunningly ride in the tilts;
But when the roaring is ended,
Tenderly, unbeguiled,
Turn to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

TEST of the man if his worth be
In accord with the ultimate plan,
That he be not to his marring,
Always and utterly man;
That he bring out of the tumult,
Fitter and undefiled,
To a woman the heart of a woman,
To children the heart of a child.

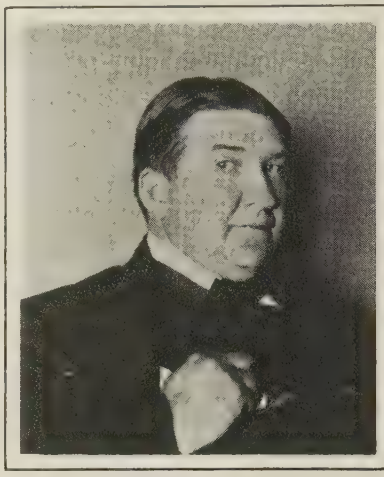
GOOD when the bugles are ranting
It is to be iron and fire;
Good to be oak in the foray,
Ice to a guilty desire.
But when the battle is over
(Marvel and wonder the while)
Give to a woman a woman's
Heart, and a child's to a child.

THE DISCOVERERS OF O. HENRY

New York Editors who first found and appreciated O. Henry

In the dozen years since O. Henry died the list of those that first recognized his genius has grown steadily—and every year new members are added to the "Those-Who-Knew-Him-When" Club.

However, as Mr. William Johnston of the *New York World* has said, "it is one thing to discover a genius after he is dead. It is another to recognize one when you work with him day by day." Mr. Johnston does not claim to have discovered O. Henry; but he certainly helped to introduce him to the reading public, for he bought 132 of his stories for the *Sunday World*—and these stories were among the first to draw attention to O. Henry in New York. As a matter of fact, the *very first* of his New York stories appeared in *Ainslee's*, and the judgment that accepted them and discerned in them the genius of O. Henry was that of Gilman Hall and Richard Duffy. Mr. Johnston tells us that he found in O. Henry's work "wonderful colorful pictures of New York life." "Yet none," writes Mr. Johnston, "seeing O. Henry in those early days, would have recognized him as a genius. I recall the first day he came to my desk: a stocky, sandy, pallid-faced chap, fastidiously dressed, low-voiced, modest. Never, even when fame came to him, was he egotistical. His always was the simplicity of true greatness. Asked once what the 'O.' in his *nom de plume* stood for, I remember that he answered, 'When I have done something worth while it will be time enough to decide.'"



ROBERT H. DAVIS

RICHARD DUFFY

Mr. Robert Davis was on the editorial staff of *The World* at the time of O. Henry's arrival in New York. The Sunday editor said to Mr. Davis: "Go out and locate this man O. Henry. He's got a breezy, snappy style. I want to get him to write introductions to Sunday stories. Offer him $40 a week—if that doesn't do the trick, jump to $50. The limit is $60." After a long search Mr. Davis finally traced him to a modest hotel on west Twenty-fourth Street. The name O. Henry and Sydney Porter meant nothing to the proprietor, but Mr. Davis made a search, and on the fourth floor he located his quarry. In a small room he found the author in shirt sleeves seated beside a washstand on which was a bowl containing cracked ice and half a dozen Bartlett pears. O. Henry arose with considerable dignity and with a low gesture said: "Come in, Mister." "I am looking," said Mr. Davis, "for Mr. Sydney Porter—otherwise O. Henry."

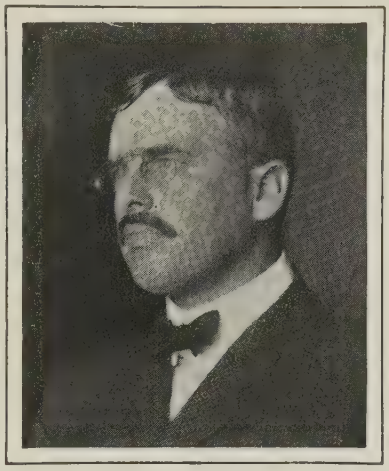
"I'm both," said he. "Sit down, have some fruit. What can I do for you?"

"I have a proposition to make," said Mr. Davis. "In fact, three propositions—but I shall make the last one first. The *New York World* authorizes me to offer you $60 a week to write introductions for special features in the Sunday issue."

"If this last proposition is the best," said O. Henry, "you needn't make the other two. I accept. Moreover, Mister, you can have the balance of the pears."

And so began a connection with the *New York World* that lasted for many months, during which O. Henry wrote one story per week. They were all good, and some of them are listed among his very best. These are the stories that were gathered into the volume entitled "The Four Million."

Mr. Richard Duffy gives us an interesting account of the beginnings of things in New York for O. Henry. "His coming to New York," writes Mr. Duffy, "with the resolution to 'write for bread,' as he once said, was dramatic. I believe I am correct in saying that, outside his immediate family, few were aware that O. Henry was entering this 'nine-day town,' except Gilman Hall, my associate on *Ainslee's Magazine*. For some time we had been buying stories from him. The stories he published at this period were laid either in the Southwest or in Central America. It was because we were sure of him as a writer that our publishers advanced the check that brought him to New York and assured him a short breathing spell to look around and settle. Also, it was because O. Henry wanted to come. It was late on a fine spring afternoon down at Duane and William streets when he came to meet us. From the outer gate the boy presented a card bearing the name 'William Sydney Porter.' I don't remember just when we found out that 'O. Henry' was merely a pen name; but I think it was during the correspondence arranging that he come to New York.



GILMAN HALL

WILLIAM JOHNSTON

"As happens in these matters, whatever mind picture Gilman Hall or I had formed of him from his letters, his handwriting, his stories, vanished before the impression of the actual man. He wore a dark suit of clothes, I recall, and a four-in-hand tie of bright color. He carried a black derby, high-crowned; and he walked with a springy, noiseless step. In meeting him for the first time you felt his most notable quality to be reticence—not a reticence of social timidity, but a reticence of deliberateness. If you also were observing, you would soon understand that his reticence proceeded from the fact that, civilly yet masterfully, he was taking in every item of the 'you' being presented to him, to the accompaniment of convention's phrases and ideas, together with the 'you' behind this presentation. It was because he was able thus to assemble and sift all the multifarious elements of a personality with sleight-of-hand swiftness that you find him characterizing a person or a neighborhood in a sentence or two.

"Within twenty-four hours he called at the office again and brought us a story. In those days he was very prolific. He wrote not only stories, but occasional skits and light verse. In a single number of *Ainslee's*, as I remember, we had three short stories of his, one of which was signed 'O. Henry' and the other two with pseudonyms.

"We used to see him every other day or so, at luncheon, at dinner, or in the evening. Various magazine editors began to look up O. Henry, which was a job somewhat akin to tracing a lost person. It was about as easy to induce him to 'go anywhere' to meet somebody as it is to have a child take medicine."

Mr. Arthur B. Maurice, author of "New York of the Novelists," has this to say about the discoverers of O. Henry:

"Many persons have come forward claiming to have discovered O. Henry. Some of these claims have come from sources that would have moved Sydney Porter himself to mingled delight and astonishment. But the man who was responsible for O. Henry's going to New York, who really persuaded the publisher of a magazine to forward the money that made the journey possible, was Mr. Gilman Hall.

"So, among all claimants, Mr. Hall has perhaps the best title to recognition as O. Henry's discoverer."

PHOTOGRAPHING O. HENRY

BY W. M. VAN DER WEYDE
ARTIST-PHOTOGRAPHER

WILLIAM M. VAN DER WEYDE

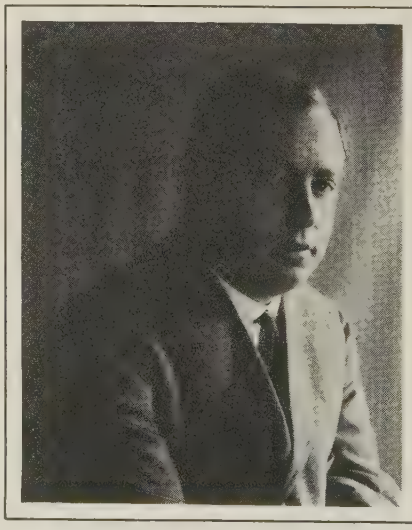
Richard Duffy, in a little memoir of O. Henry, says: "You could always make him do anything he wanted to do." Now, going to a studio to be photographed was the one thing in particular that O. Henry distinctly did *not* want to do.

How Harry Steger, of the publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Company, ever persuaded O. Henry to consent to sit for his photograph, and how he ever persuaded O. Henry to walk around to my studio from his quarters in the Caledonia, only two blocks away, is a matter that must have been as astounding to Steger as it has always been to me and to all the members of O. H.'s circle of friends. I asked Harry Steger one day how in the world he succeeded in getting him to my studio.

"He kicked like a mustang in harness in the first place. I was nearly an hour getting him dressed and out on the street, and then an hour was consumed walking the two blocks to your studio," he replied with a groan. "The last lap of the route, pulling and pushing him up your stairs, was, of course, the worst. My arms ached from it."

I was expecting Steger and O. Henry, because Steger had written me the day before apprising me of their coming. Steger's note is so characteristic of the big, whole-hearted Texan who wrote it, and who was later to become O. Henry's literary executor, that I append it. It read:

"I'm going to bring O. Henry up to your studio at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning to have you photograph him Van der Weyde style. He hates being pictured, but the only photograph there is of him—except a couple of miserable snapshots—is a fiercely bad thing made years ago, and we must have a new one—your sort. I'll bring O. H. myself. Go at him gently or he'll jump the traces."



HARRY PEYTON STEGER

When the author and his chaperon arrived I went at O. Henry very gently and there was no "jumping of traces"!

O. Henry was dressed in a new suit of clothes, of a small black-and-white check pattern, and wore a soft hat of the Alpine type, with a rather wide brim.

Steger tried to aid me in making O. Henry feel entirely at ease in my studio, and I remember that we both talked about many things, but the author was remarkably reticent. I spoke appreciatively of some of his Central American stories—"Two Renegades," in particular. I tried a little Spanish on my victim, and I recall that he quite readily replied in that tongue, although I believe he knew but little Spanish.

Steger, I remember, displayed for our admiration a few Mexican phrases that he had learned on the Texas border. O. Henry chuckled softly (he had a most delightful and contagious chuckle), but said nothing. He gave the impression of

being an extremely silent man, who observed and heard everything but seldom expressed his thoughts.

I wondered if he might perhaps be amused at a recital of my experiences searching for him when he first came to the City of the Four Million, and I was tempted to tell him. But Steger's warning that he might "jump the traces" came before me like the vision of the handwriting on the wall, and I restrained my impulse.

Instead, I straddled a chair and folded my arms over the back, saying, "This is a 'comfy' sort of pose for a picture; let's try it."

O. Henry at once took my place and pose, and in a few seconds the picture was impressed on the plate. This picture is the best known of the several portraits I made of the author, and a reproduction of it is given in this number of The Mentor, as well as several others taken that day. I made two or three other portraits before adopting a different chair. Then I suggested a pose leaning back in a rocking chair, a newspaper held in the hands. "Colonel" Porter became interested in something he saw in the paper and promptly "lost the pose." I waited patiently for his interest in the news to wane, and Steger winked at me wickedly. Suddenly O. Henry realized that I was ready and that he had kept me waiting. He showed a little embarrassment and apologized to the accompaniment of Steger's laughter. "Got interested and forgot where I was," he said. O. H. was smiling wistfully over this episode when I exposed the plate. This picture turned out to be one of the best of my portraits. It is reproduced on page 19 of this number.

I made altogether five or six photographs of O. Henry—and one "double exposure." This mishap is regrettable because one of the two likenesses is an exceptionally good three-quarter-length study. The mistake, however, produced a result that some may consider interesting.

"O. H." was greatly pleased with the photographs when I sent copies to him and he sent me a few words of appreciation, with a postscript that "photographers are not half as bad as dentists, after all!"

I still have in my studio the two chairs in which O. Henry sat for his portraits, and I sometimes fancy that I can see him seated in one of them, smiling wistfully as he did when I photographed him a few months before his death.

From a photograph by W. M. Van der Weyde now published [illegible] the first time

TWO O. HENRYS—A DOUBLE IMPRESSION

As he was going, it occurred to me to get him with his hat on. I did so in such haste that, inadvertently, I used a plate that had already been exposed —result: two O. Henrys

THE ONLY INTERVIEW

O. Henry Ever Gave

BY GEORGE MACADAM

Throughout his whole career O. Henry gave but one interview, and in that interview he talked—not without a certain depreciatory interjection of whimsicality—of himself, of his life, his work. It was my privilege to be the interviewer.

Despite the fact that for a number of years he had been one of America's most popular short-story writers, he had resolutely kept himself invisible behind a pen name. Gradually it leaked out that O. Henry in everyday life was William Sydney Porter. Then, after long-continued importunity from his editors, he finally permitted the publication of his photograph. But the story of himself—his whence and his how—this teller of tales refused to relate. Even to the inquiries of that mildly inquisitive publication, "Who's Who in America," which wants but the barest skeleton of a celebrity's life, he remained mum. But he gave the following to me:

ONLY A FEW COULD GET TO HIM

The strange wanderers of the streets found him an easy acquaintance; others found him shy, silent, and diffident; while professional interviewers could not find him at all

"As a youngster I always had an intense desire to be an artist. It wasn't until I was twenty-one that I developed the idea that I'd like to write. After about a year on *The Houston Post* I got an opportunity to exercise both these artistic yearnings. Brann had been publishing his *Iconoclast* at Houston and failed. I bought out the whole plant, name and all, for $250, and started a ten-page weekly story paper. Being an editor, I of course resigned from *The Post*. The stories were mostly humorous. The editor did most of the writing and all the illustrating. Meanwhile Brann had gone to Waco. He wrote and asked if I wouldn't let him have his *Iconoclast* title back. I didn't think much of it and let him have it. My paper was accordingly christened *The Rolling Stone*. It rolled for about a year and then showed unmistakable signs of getting mossy. Moss and I never were friends, and so I said good-by to *The Rolling Stone*.

"Then a friend of mine who had a little money (wonderful thing that—isn't it?—a friend with a little money!) suggested that I join him in a trip to Central America, whither he was going with the intention of entering the fruit business. Well, it takes a long time and costs a lot of money to learn how the little banana grows. We didn't have quite enough of the latter, and so never did learn the whole secret of the banana's development.

"The banana plantation faded into nothing; I drifted back to Texas. In Austin I got a job in a drug store. That was a rotten two weeks. They made me draw soda water, and I gave up.

"I went to New Orleans and took up literary work in earnest. I sent stories to newspapers, weeklies, and magazines all over the country. Rejections? Lordy, I should say I did have rejections, but I never took them to heart. I just stuck new stamps on the stories and sent them out again. And in their journeyings to and fro all the stories finally landed in offices where they found a welcome. I can say that I never wrote anything that, sooner or later, hasn't been accepted.

"As for rejections, take 'The Emancipation of Billy,' as good a story as I ever wrote—it was rejected no less than thirteen times. But, like all the rest, it finally landed.

"It was during these New Orleans days that I adopted my pen name. I said to a friend: 'I am going to send out some stuff.

I don't know if it amounts to much, so I want to get a literary alias. Help me pick out a good one.' He suggested that we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables that we found in it. In the society columns we found the account of a fashionable ball. 'Here we have our notables,' said he. We looked down the list and my eye lighted on the name Henry. 'That'll do for a last name,' said I. 'Now for a first name. I want something short. None of your three-syllable names for me.' 'Why don't you use a plain initial, then?' asked my friend. 'Good,' said I; 'O is about the easiest letter written, and O it is.'

"A newspaper once wrote and asked me what the O stands for. I replied, 'O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver.' And several of my stories accordingly appeared in that paper under the name Olivier Henry.

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"After drifting about the country, I finally came to New York about eight years ago.

"I'll give you the whole secret of short-story writing. Here it is. Rule 1: Write stories that please yourself. There is no Rule 2. The technical points you can get from Bliss Perry. If you can't write a story that pleases yourself you'll never please the public. But in writing the story forget the public and think only of what interests you.

"You can't write a story that's got any life in it by sitting at a writing table and thinking. You've got to get out into the streets, into the crowds, talk with people, and feel the rush and throb of real life—that's the stimulant for a story writer.

"When I first came to New York I spent a great deal of time knocking around the streets. I did things then that I wouldn't think of doing now. I used to walk at all hours of the day and night along the river fronts, through Hell's Kitchen, down the Bowery, dropping into all manner of places, and talking with anyone who would hold converse with me. I have never met anyone but what I could learn something from him; he's had some experiences that I have not had; he sees the world from his own viewpoint. If you go at it in the right way the chances are that you can extract something of value from him.

"People say I know New York well. Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the town hall, and the story will fit just as truly in any up-state town. At least, I hope this can be said of my stories. So long as a story is true to human nature all you need do is change the local color to make it fit any town, north, east, south, or west. If you have the right kind of an eye—the kind that can disregard high hats, cutaway coats, and trolley cars—you can see all the characters in the 'Arabian Nights' parading up and down Broadway at midday."

Now that the O. Henry stories have been written, how often we see in our daily life an O. Henry story being really enacted! We have before us countless evidences to the verity of his art.

There is an O. Henry incident that illustrates this. So far as I know, it has never before appeared in print. The author was buried from the Little Church Around the Corner. By some strange mischance, a marriage ceremony was scheduled for the same hour. The error was not discovered until the wedding and the funeral party reached the church. Happiness yielded to sorrow, the little wedding party retiring to the consistory room until the funeral service had taken place. It was just such a tangling of the light with the dark thread of life that one finds in so many of O. Henry's stories.

THE ORDEAL OF BEING INTERVIEWED

O. Henry was as shy of interviewers as he was of photographers—or of anyone who endeavored to exploit him publicly

ANECDOTES OF O. HENRY SIDE LIGHTS ON HIS CHARACTER

EDITORIAL: The following paragraphs are selected, condensed, and reprinted from various volumes, by courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Company, publishers of O. Henry's works

During his schoolboy days Will Porter showed artistic talent, and it was predicted that he would be a cartoonist, but the literary instinct was there too, with a quaint dry humor and a keen insight into the peculiarities of human nature. He had his fun with pictures, and made many caricatures of scenes and characters both in Greensboro and in his Texas days. While he was a prescription clerk in his uncle's drug store, his genius as artist and writer budded forth and gave promise. The old Porter drug store was the social club of the town. A game of chess went on in the back room, and around the stove the judge, the colonel, the doctor, and other local celebrities discussed affairs of state, and smoked Porter's cigars without money and without price. Young Porter caught the individual qualities of these rare characters and transferred them to paper with both pen and pencil in an illustrated comedy-satire, which was his first literary and artistic effort. When this was read and shown around the stove the picture was so true to life that, for some time, the young playwright was not on speaking terms with his old friends.

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During his New York days his mind often went back to the old home in "No'th Ca'lina." In the height of his popularity he wrote: "Kind of lonesome. Was thinking lately (since the April moon commenced to shine) how I'd like to be down South, where I could happen over to Miss Ethel's or Miss Sallie's and sit on the porch—not on a chair—on the edge of the porch, and lay my straw hat on the steps, and lay my head back against the honeysuckle on the post—and just talk. And Miss Ethel would go in directly (they say 'presently' up here) and bring out the guitar. She would complain that the E string was broken, but no one would believe her, and pretty soon all of us would be singing the 'Suwanee River' and 'In the Evening by the Moonlight' and—oh, gol darn it, what's the use of wishing."

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Will Porter, shortly after going to Texas, became a member of the Hill City Quartet of Austin. Porter was the littlest man in the crowd, and, of course, *basso profundo*. He was about five feet six inches tall, weighed about one hundred and thirty pounds, had coal-black hair, gray eyes, and a long, carefully twisted mustache. His voice was soft and musical. He was an inveterate story teller, but he never told a vulgar joke, and, as much as he loved humor, he would not sacrifice decency for its sake. He told a great many stories in the first person. We were often puzzled to know whether they were real or imaginary, and when we made inquiry his stock reply was: "Never question the validity of a joke."

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"Porter was one of the most versatile men I ever met. He could write remarkably clever stuff under all circumstances, and was a good hand at sketching. And he was the best mimic I ever saw in my life. He was one of the genuine democrats that you hear about more often than you meet. Night after night, after we would shut up shop, he would call to me to come along and 'go bumming.' That was his favorite expression for the night-time prowling in which we indulged. We would wander through streets and alleys, meeting with some of the worst specimens of down-and-outers it has ever been my privilege to see at close range. I've seen the most ragged specimen of a bum hold up Porter, who would always do anything he could for the man. His one great failing was his inability to say 'No' to a man. He never cared for the so-called 'higher classes,' but watched the people on the streets and in the shops and cafés, getting his ideas from them night after night. It was in this way he was able to picture the average man with such marvelous fidelity."

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His charity was as boundless as the air and his sympathy with suffering, especially when the sufferer was seemingly down and out, as prompt and instinctive as the glance of the eye. He was talking to a friend once on the streets of New York when a beggar approached and asked for help. O. Henry took a coin from his pocket, shielding it from the view of his friend, and slipped it into the beggar's hand, saying, "Here's a dollar.

Don't bother us any more." The man walked a few steps away, examining the coin, and seemed uncertain what to do. Then he came slowly back. "Mister," he said, "you were good to me and I don't want to take advantage of you. You said this was a dollar. *It's a twenty-dollar gold piece.*" O. Henry turned upon him indignantly: "Don't you think I know what a dollar is? I told you not to come back. Get along!" He then continued his conversation, but was plainly mortified that his friend should have detected his ruse.

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Strolling through Madison Square one night, O. Henry and a friend came upon a young girl crying as if her heart were broken. Upon inquiry, it developed that the girl had come to the city from a town in New Jersey, had lost her way, and was without money, friends, or a place to sleep. They gave the girl a couple of dollars, and put her in the care of a policeman. As the two continued on through the dark square the friend said to O. Henry: "Why didn't you talk to her? I'll bet there was a corking story in that girl that you could have dragged out." O. Henry smiled. "Old man," he said, "there never is a story where there seems to be one." Where, then, did he get his vital stories of city girls—especially shopgirls? He was asked once if he went into department stores to study them. "Indeed not," he answered. "It is not the salesgirl *in* the department store who is worth studying; it is the salesgirl *out* of it. You can't get romance over a counter." It was in their home and social life that he found their real stories.

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While "Harouning" along the river front one night, O. Henry happened upon a couple of sailors one of whom was much the worse for liquor. "I see your friend is intoxicated," he remarked to the sober sailor. "You don't say!" exclaimed the latter in mock astonishment. And the short-story king appreciated the answer at his expense as much as did those to whom he subsequently repeated it. O. Henry never missed a favorable opportunity to have a chat with an amiable policeman. "Policemen know so many odd things and so few necessary ones," he would remark. While talking with one of the bluecoats in Hell's Kitchen one night, years ago, Henry said that they were suddenly startled—at least, that he was—by two loud revolver shots. "Someone's been killed!" he exclaimed. "No, don't worry," returned the "cop" coolly, "only injured. It takes at least three bullets to kill anyone in this part of town."

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In the summer of 1908 William Sydney Porter and Robert H. Davis, alias "O. Henry" and "Bob" Davis, respectively, were discussing the merits and demerits of New York City during the tropical, asphalt-smelly season. "Let's get out of it for a few days," suggested Davis. "I'll take you to a wonderful place down on Long Island, where the fishing is immense and the fish correspondingly large." "Well," said Henry, "New York is a bit warm and I'll just take you up." They started. They arrived. Fishing tackle was put in order; collars and coats were cast aside; Henry expressed admiration at the ability of the masculine natives to expectorate tobacco juice "as far as the eye could see;" Davis lit a cigar; and the expedition was off. It was a mile walk. "We won't ride, because the exercise will do us good," suggested Davis. Henry assented. The day was gray-blue and sizzling. They had not gone more than three city blocks when Henry was already drenched with perspiration. But he kept on manfully. A little way farther on, however, Davis noticed that his companion was desperately endeavoring to find something in his trousers' pockets. "What are you looking for?" he asked. "I am looking for my return ticket to New York," replied Henry, positively, "and let me tell you that as soon as I find it, I'm going to take a 'hitch' on a wagon and go back—fast! I know it's blamed hot in town, but there are just as good fish left on the menu as there are in the sea."

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Mr. Robert Davis gives us the following: "When he was at the height of his success, O. Henry said to me: 'I'm a failure. I always have the feeling that I want to get back somewhere, but I don't know just where it is. My stories? No, they don't satisfy me. I see them in print and I wonder why people like them. I wait till they come out in book form, hoping that they may look better to me then. But they don't. It depresses me to have people point me out or introduce me as 'a celebrated author.' It seems such a big label for such picayune goods. Sometimes I feel that I'd like to get into some business; perhaps some clerkship; some place where I could see that I was doing something tangible, something worth while.'"

"The Caledonia"
28 West 26th St.

New York, May 1908.

My Dear Thon

I freely admit that as a correspondent I am a yellow hound dog and deserve a good, strong kick. But you wouldn't hurt my head if how you gave it to me for it is in the place where it belongs. And I await a chance to let you be from Missouri.

Mrs P and I are awfully sorry we couldn't come to the Society feed tonight — it's my fault — I've been sort of under the weather for a week or two — but we certainly do appreciate the invitation that came through you.

If you are going to be in the city for a day or two about you please sir, let me see you and let me strike my forehead three times on the floor before you and convince you that it was winter cramps and nothing else that has made me postpone saying the expression of the undiminished regard that I still have for you and the rest of the "gang".

We are living at the Hotel Chelsea, (Phone 2700 Chelsea) on West 23d St. and I have a sort of office apartment at #28 West 26th St. where, from about 10 A.M to 6 P.M. I do the bread and butter stunt.

Please, Thon, for Gawd's sake, call me up tomorrow or today any time between 10 & 6 (2031, Madison) and say if you will lunch or dine with us while you are here. If you haven't the time, I'd like the best in the world to come up to the Astor or anywhere at your convenience and see you before you leave. Mighty sorry we couldn't be at the grub fest.

Yours as always
W. S. Porter

Of C. A. Smith

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM O. HENRY TO HIS FRIEND C. ALPHONSO SMITH

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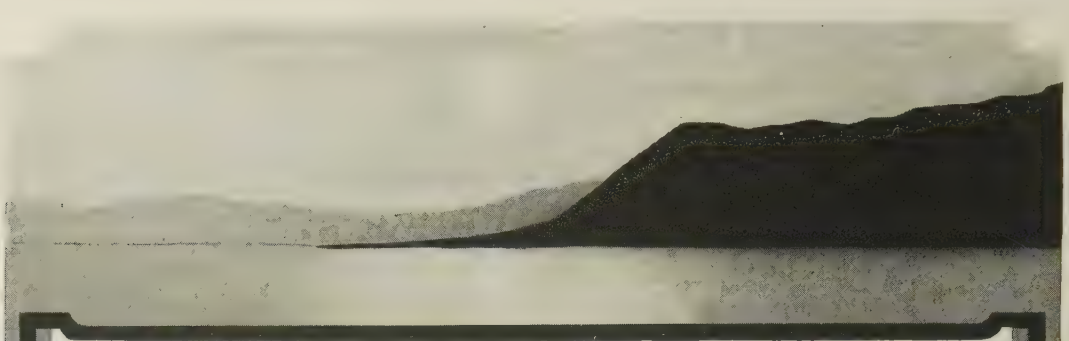

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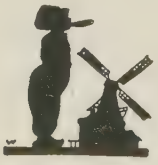

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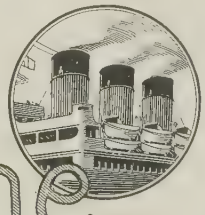

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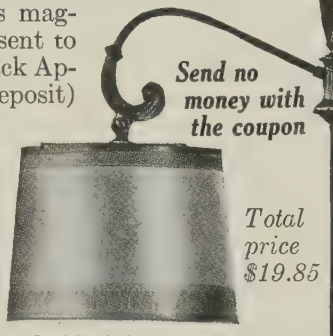

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Height about five feet. Finished in rich Statuary Bronze.

Base and cap are cast in solid Medallium. Upper shaft is seamless Brass.

NOTE THE SHADE:—the clever and exclusive Decorative Arts idea;—a shade so exquisitely ornamented that it can be used without any draping or covering whatever, and yet at the same time the ideal base on which you can make and fasten *silken covers* of interchangeable designs and colorings, in limitless variety, harmonizing with any surroundings in which the lamp may be placed.

Shade is parchment, brass-bound. Outside decorations are deep red top and bottom bands, with the background graded in brown.

Inside the shade the reflecting surface is a delicate pink tone, diffusing a warm and mellow glow.

The delicately curved arm is pivoted at the shaft, and can be raised or lowered at a touch.

Another pivot just above the bulb enables the shade and bulb to be tilted to throw the light at an angle.

Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring is *inside* the shaft.

The lamp is complete, ready for the bulb to be put into it.

The lamp can be lifted to any position with one hand, without rising from your chair.

Weight packed, about 22 lbs.

If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full.

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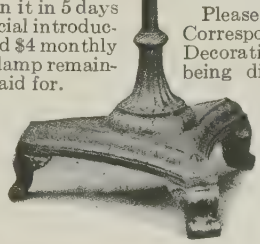

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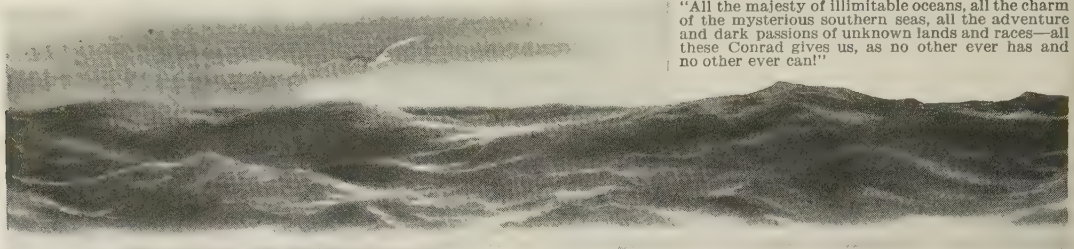

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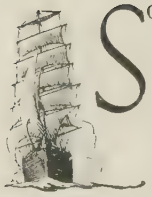

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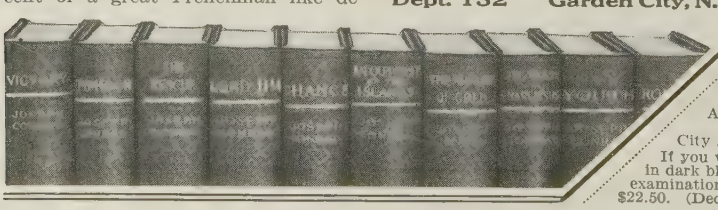

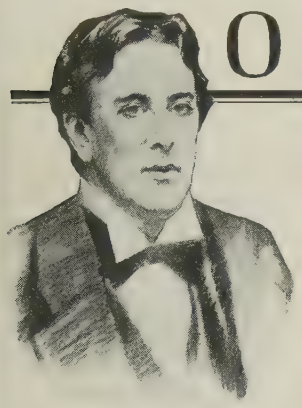

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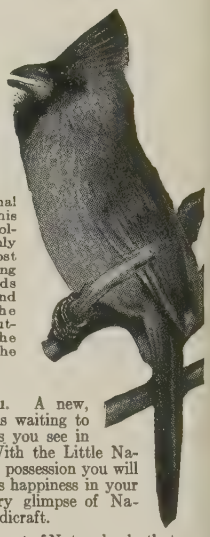

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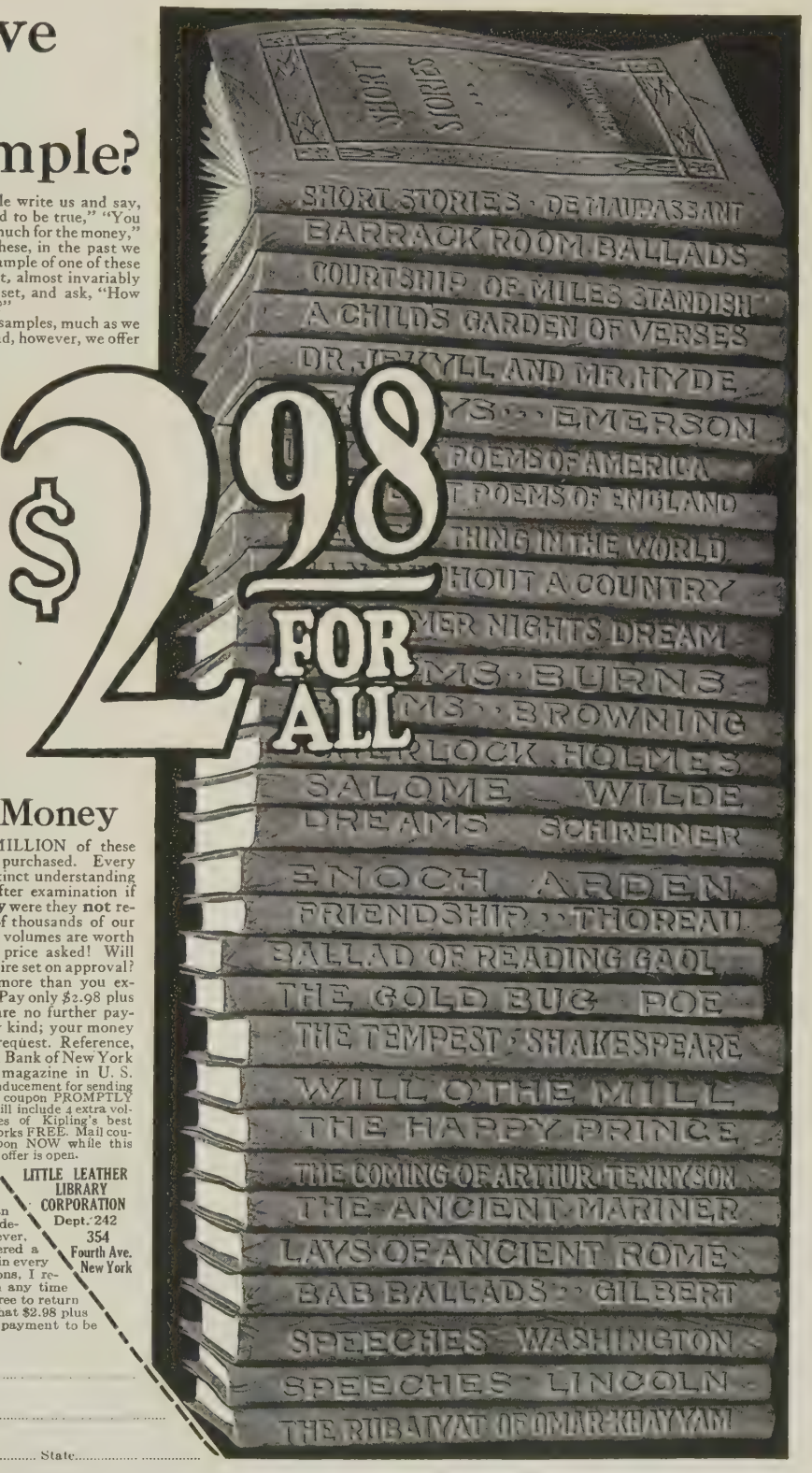

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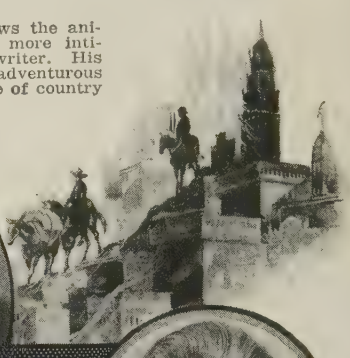

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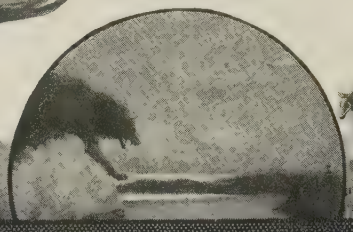

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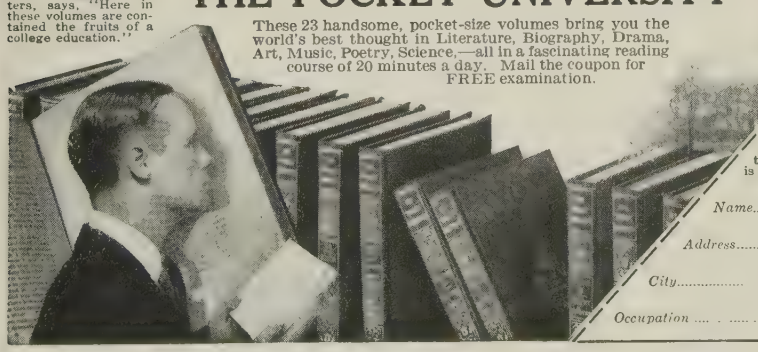

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City..... *State*.....

Occupation.....

Keeping Fit to

Famous "Daily Dozen" Now On Fascinating Phonograph Records, Is Bringing New Energy, Health and Vitality to Thousands—Both Men and Women

By Bruce Gordon

"COME on, old man—I'll put a record on the machine and show you what bully fun it is!" urged my friend Jim Smiley. "I used to feel just as 'played out' as you do now—after a hard day—but not any more! Come on, I'll cure your headache, too!" he promised.

I was spending the night at Jim's house. We had a little talk before turning in, and I confessed to feeling exhausted and rotten. He had selected a record and was already putting it on the phonograph, so I agreed to try his keeping fit exercises—just to please him.

After setting up and opening a large handsome book that showed by actual photographs, the exact movements to make, Jim started the machine. After a few words of explanation by a voice, speaking from the record, a lively tune started, and then the voice began giving the commands. I watched Jim and did just as he did. Almost at once I began to feel exhilarated—the way you feel when the jazz band starts. We did one exercise after another in this way until we had gone through Walter Camp's whole famous "Daily Dozen"—the exercises this great Yale coach and athletic authority devised during the war to keep the Army and Navy, the Cabinet and other officials, fit and energetic for their work.

It took only about ten minutes, and I had to agree with Jim that it *was* bully good fun. Besides, I suddenly discovered that my headache had indeed vanished entirely.

To make a long story short, I too became a "Daily Dozen" enthusiast. Every morning now, for the past three months, I have sprung out of bed with real anticipation of the ten minutes' fun with the phonograph that is making me feel better, eat better, sleep better, yes, and work better than I ever did before. I used to think like many other "indoor men," that I didn't like to exercise. That was before I experienced the effects of the "new principle of exercise" that is embodied in the Health Builder System—using the famous "Daily Dozen"—set to music—with Mr. Camp's special permission.

If Your "Torso" Is Fit, So Are You

I have found that men and women can keep themselves fit with only ten minutes a day—but the place where they *must* look after themselves is in the torso or trunk muscles.

Americans have lost sight of this fact—to their cost. Keeping fit is not a matter of long, tiresome exercises with dumbbells

Music is *Fun*

and gymnasium apparatus, or of strenuous outdoor games. It is simply a matter of keeping the muscles of the "torso" in perfect condition. If your "torso" is fit, so are you!

People fail to realize that the true seat of the vital forces is in the abdomen—not the brain. This great secret of health and energy is still known and practiced in the Orient—in India and China—where the "throne of life" is rightly regarded to be in the solar-plexus—in the trunk. The "Daily Dozen" exercises are scientifically devised to keep this vital spot in splendid muscular condition—and the whole body and mind get the benefit.

10 Minutes' Fun Is All You Need

Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" set to specially selected music on phonograph records become the ideal, effortless exercise—and every time you swing through these enjoyable movements you can be sure that your body and mind are being kept fit in the most efficient and effective way ever devised! And it takes only 10 minutes a day.

Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and the book which illustrates the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records, playable on any disc machine, contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs in the book show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only $2.50 down, and $2 a month for four months until the sum of $10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid $15 for the same system but you can now get it for only $10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon, and see for yourself at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 722, Garden City, N. Y.

Users Filled With New Vitality

Here are extracts from letters, typical of the many constantly received from "Daily Dozen" enthusiasts:

"Music a Great Aid"

"I am delighted with the records and they solve my problem of exercise, thus making me a more efficient teacher. The music is a great aid," writes Mr. Guy Eugene Oliver, of Northwestern College, Illinois.

"Took Family by Storm"

I received your complete set of records yesterday and was delighted with them. They took the whole family by storm, as it were, and before the first record was played the second time, the whole family were up and going through them as I was. I am convinced absolutely that your system of Health Building should be in every household, because of its simplicity and the benefits to be derived from it for all members of the family. —Walter N. Hyans, Buffalo, N. Y.

FIVE DAYS' TRIAL COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.
Dept. 722, Garden City, N. Y.

Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records; the book containing the 60 actual photographs; and the beautiful record album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you $2.50 in five days (as the first payment) and agree to pay $2 a month for four months until the total of $10.50 is paid.

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THE OPEN LETTER

ON FEBRUARY 17th, ten years ago, the first number of The Mentor appeared. It was a novel kind of publication, different from anything else in the magazine world—and through the years it has always, and in every way, continued to be "different." The steady and sound growth of The Mentor during these years has been especially gratifying because it has been, from the beginning, avowedly an "ideal publication," devoted to the "development in the individual of an understanding and appreciation of the finer things of life."

Readers occasionally ask us: "What is The Mentor Ideal?" The question was answered in an Open Letter several years ago; and I have been asked to reprint it here in our tenth anniversary number.

The old ideals of education are on the defensive. The reading and studies that develop a broadly informed, idealistic, sympathetic human individual are being arraigned as useless and inefficient. In a recent discussion in New York City, several speakers were strong for a complete change in the present methods of instruction, and urged an abandonment of "cultural things" for courses of study that would train boys and girls exclusively for "efficiency." One speaker exclaimed: "This old cultural stuff is not going to help any mother's son to make a living. Culture is a beautiful vase, but my youngster neeeds a soup plate." The speaker recommended that education should be of a kind to help pupils to fill "soup plates" and that the "beautiful vase" should be put away on a top shelf.

What would that mean? What will our schools be like if the "vase" be wholly set aside? No doubt they will be *efficient* from the first stroke of the clock to the hour of dismissal. No waste, no diversion. No Poetry or Romance. No Old World history. No Fine Art. All energies will be directed to acquiring the knowledge that *pays*, so that pupils will be able to "make good" in this world and make "big money." The system is expected to produce a race of thoroughly capable men and women, all of them highly efficient. The prospect is impressive.

Of course, there will be some that will miss the "vase." There will be some that will continue to love poetry; some that will want to sing and play music, and some to draw and paint. Others will want to become lawyers, preachers, scholars, or men of letters—and they will want to consider the cultural things. I suppose there is nothing to prevent these odd ones from taking down that "vase" occasionally, dusting it off, and dwelling fondly on its beauty—provided they have first been taught the value of "soup." And some of the others too—after they have filled their "soup plates"—may turn occasionally to the "beautiful vase." The Mentor mail tells me every day that the "vase" has still a real place in life. There are now about half a million people that read The Mentor, and many of them write that they regret that, in their childhood, they had so little opportunity to look upon the "vase." That is the reason they are now taking The Mentor. They take it for themselves and for their children. "I want my boy and girl to know the finer things of life," is the way some Mentor readers put it.

The Mentor is glad to be a curator of the "beautiful vase." If all that Life means is *making a living*, how is it really *worth living?* If Life brings no joy nor delight in the appreciation of things beautiful, it is sordid and selfish indeed. Learn to live, but also live to learn—and, above all, learn to enjoy all that is good and beautiful in life. That is The Mentor Ideal.

W. D. Moffat
Editor

Photographing Five Miles

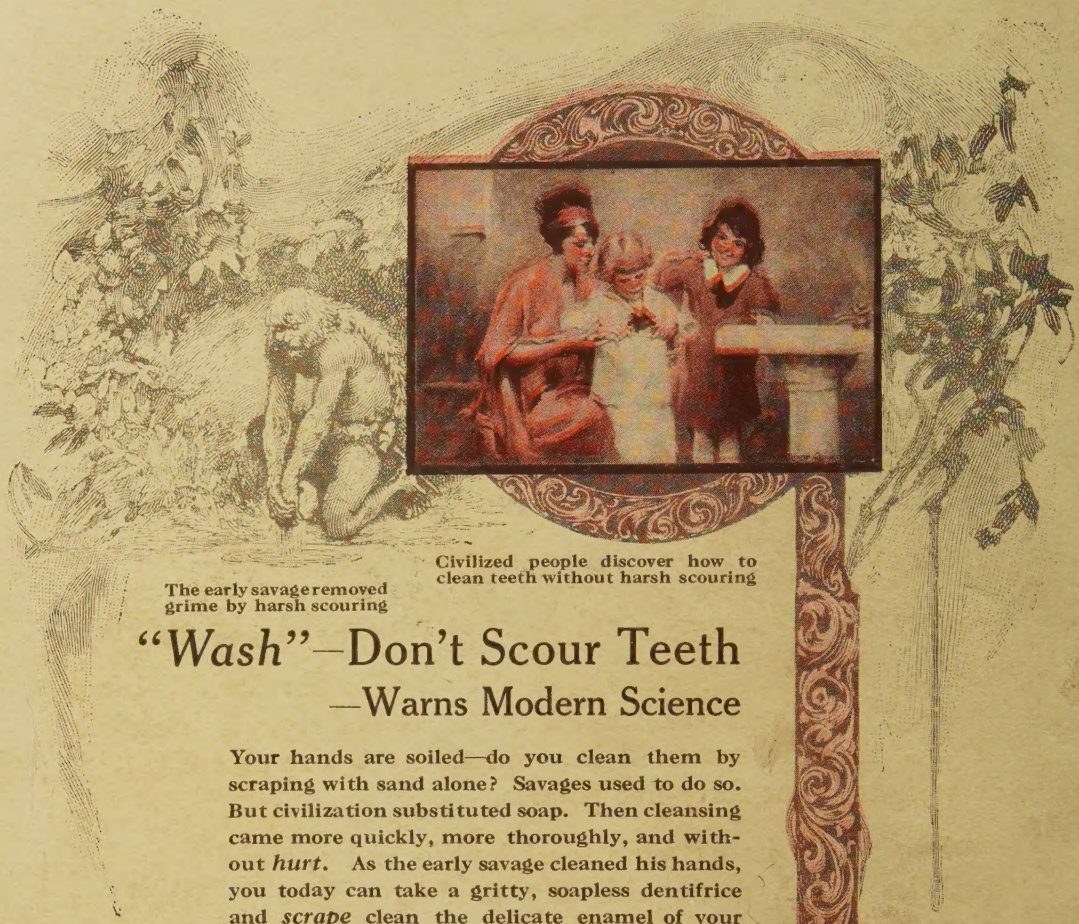
Kodak Lens Plant, where the Kodak Anastigmat is fashioned, has added another chapter to lens achievement in the successful manufacture of the largest lens known to aerial photography.

This lens, built for the United States Air Service and based on Kodak Anastigmat formulae, has a speed of *f*.5, a focal length of 36 inches and mounted is about half the size of a nail keg. It weighs about forty-five pounds.

Because of its extreme focal length and the sharp-cutting qualities which distinguish any product of the Kodak Lens Plant, this powerful lens makes satisfactory terrain photographs from a height of five miles, at which altitude the plane is virtually invisible from below.

To compare the Kodak Anastigmat *f*.7.7 Vest Pocket Kodak equipment with this giant lens is to realize the versatility and resources of the organization that produced both.

Eastman Kodak Company
Rochester, N. Y.
The Kodak City



The early savage removed grime by harsh scouring

Civilized people discover how to clean teeth without harsh scouring

"*Wash*"—Don't Scour Teeth
—Warns Modern Science

Your hands are soiled—do you clean them by scraping with sand alone? Savages used to do so. But civilization substituted soap. Then cleansing came more quickly, more thoroughly, and without *hurt*. As the early savage cleaned his hands, you today can take a gritty, soapless dentifrice and *scrape* clean the delicate enamel of your teeth. How much simpler—and safer—is the civilized method.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

"Washes" **and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour.**

Children use Colgate's willingly and regularly because of its pleasing flavor. Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no safe dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY
"Washes" and Polishes
Doesn't Scratch or Scour

If your wisdom teeth could talk, they'd say, "Use Colgate's."

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture